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HENRY CLAPP, JR. EDITOR.

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devoted to the entertainment of its readers, and the emol-
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N. B. There are other persons besides the editor who will
write for the paper, but their names are too humorous to

(For the Saturday Press.)

GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY?

BY ST. AMAND.

On the morning of the 30th of June, 1860, Francis Saville Kent, four years old, was found murdered in an out-house on his father's premises, Roadhill House, Wiltshire, England. The throat was cut to the bone, and there was a wound in the chest, which penetrated to the heart. The corpse was wrapped in a blanket, which belonged to the bed in which the child had slept the night before; a piece of flannel such as women sometimes wear over the chest was found under the body, and a portion of a newspaper, which had evidently been used to wipe a bloody knife with, lay upon the floor. Nothing else was discovered calculated to indicate the perpetrator of the deed, and even the ownership of the piece of flannel could not be traced.

Mr. Kent's family, including servants, consisted of twelve members. The murdered child, a younger one, and a nurse, Elizabeth Gough, slept in the nursery, each occupying a separate bed. Early in the morning the nurse awoke, and found the little boy's bed empty; but supposing that Mrs. Kent had come into the room and removed him, she gave herself no uneasiness on the subject, but went to sleep again. About half-past six she again awoke, and, arising, went to Mrs. Kent's bedroom and knocked at the door. Receiving no answer, she waited till her master and mistress had also risen, and then the discovery was made that the child was not in the house. Some time afterwards the body was found as we have described.

Before going to bed the night before, Mr. Kent had seen that all the doors and windows of the house were securely closed. The housemaid, in coming downstairs that morning, had found the drawing-room door and one of the windows open. Supposing that they had been forgotten, or opened by some member of the family, for the purpose of cooling the room, she had considered the matter as of no importance, and had, therefore, raised no alarm. There was no evidence of any one having forced an entrance into the house. On the contrary, it was very certain that the murder had been committed by one or more of the inmates, or by some one who must have entered the building, and remained secreted in it till the deed was perpetrated. There were no blood stains in the house or garden, no marks of any struggle, and no noises had been heard by any member of the family. Suspicion fell by turns upon Mr. Kent, the nurse, and upon a daughter of the former by his first wife; but

nothing was discovered to justify the commitment of either for trial, although there were one or two unexplained circumstances, which, in the minds of some, connected the young lady with the murder. She had been heard to utter expressions of dislike against the murdered child, and had, on several occasions, evinced some slight degree of jealousy in regard to him. A night-dress of hers was missing, and no satisfactory account was given of its whereabouts. But there was nothing more. As was very natural, she had shed tears when informed of the cause of her arrest; but had borne herself throughout the examination with wonderful fortitude, and apparently with the utmost consciousness of innocence.

For two or three years subsequently, she went to school, and then entering a semi-conventual order connected with the Church of England, remained in seclusion till a few months since; when she voluntarily came forward, confessed herself guilty of her brother's murder, and was committed to take her trial for the crime. That trial has taken place. She plead guilty to the indictment, and on her plea, without the case being sent to the jury, she was sentenced to death. In deference, however, to the known feeling on the subject, her punishment was first commuted to penal servitude for life, and subsequently to transportation for the same period.

Such are the main facts connected with this most remarkable case. One which, for five years, has been wrapped in mystery, and which has become still more extraordinary, now that the real or supposed criminal has been discovered and placed under punishment. Whether the circumstances justify that punishment or not, is the point we design to consider.

At the time of the murder, Constance Emilie Kent was in her sixteenth year. Her mother had died a lunatic several years previously, and she herself, though described as a girl of a warm and generous disposition, was considered to possess a rather dull and sluggish intellect. It is stated that at present she is an exceedingly plain-looking young woman, with a broad, full, uninteresting face, which wears more an expression of stupid dullness than one of intelligence. She has full, large eyes, glances uneasily around as if expecting some danger, and has apparently none of that cunning and shrewdness which it would be supposed she must necessarily possess.

When arrested, soon after the murder, her behavior was, as we have said, in the highest degree admirable. She evinced a proper amount of feeling, denied all knowledge of the crime and when questioned, in regard to

the dead child, said: "The last time I saw him was in the evening, when he went to bed. He was a very merry, good-tempered lad, and fond of romping. I was accustomed to play with him often. I had done so on that day. He was fond of me, and I was fond of him."

It must be recollected that Constance Kent, at this time, was of that age when women are peculiarly sensitive, and, as it were, instinctive in their feelings. Their likes and dislikes are conceived upon the most trivial, and often most erroneous grounds; they are subject to very whimsical and really ungovernable fancies; their nervous systems are disordered; and thoughts may be formed and acts committed which, at a subsequent period, would fill their minds with horror. Though in the great majority of young girls, who are brought up under proper influences, these psychological evidences of the great change the organism is undergoing, rarely make themselves manifest to any but those with whom they are thrown into the most intimate relation, this is, unfortunately for human nature, not always the case. A slight derangement in the physiological processes which are going on, may produce simply an appetite for chalk and slate pencils; a transient vertigo may cause a radical and permanent change of character; an almost unnoticed congestion of the brain may prompt to the commission of a horrid crime. Even an adult man is never the same after as before a congestion of the brain, or an attack of apoplexy. From having been kind, considerate, and gentlemanly, he may become changed to a being of morose and brutal instincts, which it is impossible for him to restrain within bounds. With how much greater force would these or similar influences act upon the impressionable nervous organism of a young girl, when at the most susceptible and critical stage of her existence. To hold her legally, morally, or physiologically accountable for their effects would be about as sensible and as logical as to blame her for having a club foot, or a distorted face. And if, in addition, we found her hereditarily predisposed to insanity, we should be guilty of the most wanton disregard of the first principles of justice and of the laws which govern our being, if we visited upon her head the consequences of any errors of judgment or action for which not she, but the God who made her would alone be responsible.

At a period of her life, therefore, when Constance Kent required the most tender and considerate care, she was without the support and counsel which none but a mother can give. Under the influence of morbid ideas conceived by an unhealthy mind, she, according to her own confession, perpetrated a deed, the memory of which now excites in her no other emotions than those of anguish and remorse. That a child of her low order of intellect should have murdered her brother so guardedly as to leave no traces to connect her with the act; should have undergone the most searching examination, without the shadow of a suspicion being proved against her, and should, for five years, retain in her own bosom the great secret of her life, can only be explained upon the supposition that she acted from an insane and irresistible impulse, and that the cunning which enabled her to baffle the officers of the law was fully as abnormal in its character

The feeling which prompts us to sympathize with this unfortunate girl may be called *mawkish sentimentality*, and the offspring of false science; but every physiologist knows that it is based upon those mysterious, but, nevertheless, well recognized laws of life which, if of no force in a court of human justice, are influential with those who are not altogether ignorant of the relations which exist between mind and matter, and will doubtless be taken into consideration by the infallible and merciful power which created them.

But is it certain that Constance Emilie Kent killed her infant brother? What evidence have we of the fact, beyond her own voluntary confession? It may safely be assumed that there is none; for if there were it is not to be supposed that in a country like England, in which the law is rigidly enforced against peer and pauper alike, and in which the regard for human life is at its maximum, she would have been allowed to live quietly for five years undisturbed by those who have never lost sight of the murder. The great mass of the people, who read about the affair, will say: "What more is required? She has confessed herself to be guilty, and therefore she must be guilty." Let us see what warrant there is for such an assumption.

After two years passed at a boarding-school, during which it was a common subject of remark that she was very eccentric in her demeanor, Constance Emilie Kent entered St. Mary's College, Brighton—a sort of hybrid convent, with a rector and a Lady Superior. Here she was undoubtedly subjected to the action of influences calculated to exalt her cerebral sensibility already abnormally heightened by hereditary predisposition and the operation of the causes to which we have alluded. Let us suppose, for the sake of the illustration, that she entered the *quasi* convent thoroughly conscious of her innocence. She knew that she was suspected. She had been arrested as the murderess, but discharged for want of evidence. During the two years or more subsequently, she had heard numerous disputes among her schoolfellows in regard to her guilt; the nurse had been arrested, and though also discharged, labored under the suspicion of being the criminal, and was unable to procure employment. Whisperings, too, which had reached her ears, had been going on against her father. It was said that he had had an intrigue with the nurse, and had killed the child—who had waked while he was in the room—to save his own reputation. Crushed to the earth by these reports, he had buried himself in obscurity, a broken-hearted and a ruined man. Brooding over these thoughts and many others that must have forced themselves upon her, taught that self-mortification was one of the highest privileges of mankind, and thinking for years about the horrible events of that dreadful night, would it be a subject for astonishment if Constance Kent had come in time to think herself the murderess, and been brought to believe it her duty to relieve her friends from suspicion and to save her own soul by taking the guilt upon herself? Had she not before her the blessed example of her Lord and Saviour, who came down from Heaven and assumed the sins of a wicked world, in order that man might be saved? Do we not know by our daily experience in observations of our fellow

men that the mind by constantly entertaining the most preposterous ideas, finally accepts them as true? It is said, and doubtless with truth, that the most false and improbable story, if frequently told, is eventually so deeply impressed upon the mind of the relator that he religiously believes in its genuineness.

A mere confession—especially one made under such circumstances as that of Constance Kent—is not sufficient evidence of guilt. We know that men and women have often avowed a criminality which did not exist, and which they persisted in claiming for themselves till they yielded up their lives on the gallows or at the stake. Do we believe that Father Gaufride was guilty of bewitching more than a thousand women, and of worshipping the devil, because he confessed these things, and was burned at the stake in expiation of his self-imposed crimes? Do we credit the acknowledgments of Sister Marie de Sains, of the Brigettine convent, at Lisle, that she had committed hundreds of murders, strangled numberless children, ravaged graves, breakfasted with devils, and perpetrated thousands of unheard of sacrileges and barbarities? We grieve over the follies of these and the many other wretched persons who have gloried in being witches, and in having intercourse with demons, and yet we condemn Constance Kent, the daughter of a lunatic, a poor, weak-minded, and unfortunate girl, who comes into court, and, solely on her plea of guilty, is adjudged a murderess, and sentenced to death!

From the report of the trial we make the following extract:

"At nine o'clock the learned judge took his seat on the bench, and the prisoner was placed at the bar. She stood firmly, but meekly, with her eyes cast down and her hands clasped before her.

"Silence having been proclaimed, the Deputy Clerk of Arraignment said:

"Constance Emilie Kent, you are charged with the wilful murder of Francis Saville Kent, on the 29th of June, 1860: are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"PRISONER, (in a low tone): 'Guilty.'

"JUDGE. 'Are you aware that you are charged with having wilfully, intentionally, and with malice, killed and murdered your brother: are you guilty or not guilty?'

"The prisoner made some answer, but in so low a tone that it could not be heard.

"JUDGE. 'I must repeat the question. You are charged with having wilfully, intentionally, and with malice, killed and murdered your brother—are you guilty or not guilty?'

"PRISONER (in a low tone): 'Guilty.'

"JUDGE: 'The plea must be recorded.' The plea was accordingly recorded.

"MR. COLERIDGE [one of the counsel]: 'Before your Lordship passes sentence, I desire to say two things: First—Solemnly, in the presence of Almighty God, as a person who values her own soul, she wishes me to say that the guilt is hers alone, and that her father and others, who have so long suffered most unjust and cruel suspicion, are wholly and absolutely innocent; and, secondly, that she was not driven to this act by unkind treatment at home, as she met with nothing there but tender and forbearing love; and I hope I may add that it gives me a melancholy pleasure to be the organ of these statements for her, because on my honor I believe them to be true.'

The learned Judge—evidently a kind and generous minded man—then assumed the black cap, and with great feeling, in which the prisoner joined with hysterical sobs, sentenced her to death, as his duty and the law required; and thus, without any inquiry into the character of the influences which had been brought to bear upon her the tendencies of her disposition whilst in the religious institution, the sanity or insanity of her mind, her antecedents, or any other point which might have served to throw light upon the case, to ripen her criminality if she was guilty, or to weaken the force of her plea if innocent, Constance Kent left the court, convicted of the highest crime known to the laws of man. If innocent, she adds but one more case to those already recorded of monomaniacs, who, without other indications of mental aberration, have been the victims of delusions; if guilty, she is, so far as we know, the solitary instance of an individual confessing to a crime and being sentenced to death upon no other evidence than that admission. Men and women before this have, in the face of overwhelming evidence against them, or whilst in a drunken debauch, or on their deathbeds, or standing on the scaffold, confessed their crimes; but if any criminal of sane mind has ever yet voluntarily supplied all the evidence which could consign him or her to an ignominious grave, the case has escaped our observation. The love of life is so strongly implanted in us by our Creator, that as the Bible tells us, we will give everything for its preservation, and mankind has agreed to regard the miserable being as insane who, with his own hand, brings his existence to an end.

And, if really guilty of her brother's death, are we to have no words of sympathy and kindness for the unhappy girl who has struggled for five long and weary years with the consciousness of her sin, and who has finally gained so noble a victory over the feelings and instincts of human nature? Is it nothing in her favor that she should have been overburdened with the sense of her former wickedness, and should seek to offer up her life in atonement for the offence she had committed against human and divine law? Is there anything more to be done to show her heartfelt repentance and contrition? She has tendered her life—she accepts the commutation of her punishment with humility—God could not ask more of her in this world.

And yet there are those who, seeing nothing heroic or unselfish or Christian in all this conduct, can find no language to apply to her but such as expresses their contempt and disgust. There are some persons who cannot understand a good action. They think there is deceit or selfishness about it somewhere, which time will reveal. Such people see only the imperfections of humanity, and are totally oblivious of their own fallibility and shortcomings. But notwithstanding all their efforts, they cannot make us forget that there is a spark of divinity in the heart of each of God's creatures, which in His wisdom He sometimes kindles into flame.

LETTER FROM OLIVE LOGAN.

SARATOGA, August 28th.

MY DEAR PRESS:—

The grand final ball of the season took place at the Union Hotel last Friday night;

and as it is described as being a most gorgeous affair in every respect, by the Jenkinses of the daily newspapers, I cannot, of course, lift my feeble voice against their mighty ones, but must humbly concede that it was indeed all they say. I am willing to admit that it was a peculiar ball. Everybody seemed so very unhappy. My first impression on entering the room was, that everybody had on tight shoes, which forced their wearers to walk about stealthily, speak in whispers, bear a painful expression of countenance, and be wretched generally. But on second thoughts, I remember that this was a Fancy Dress Ball, and that it was this fact which made the participants in the affair look as if they were thoroughly ashamed of themselves, and *Pardieu! pour cause!* Certain it is that the Anglo-Saxon nature is not one to lend itself to the reckless gaiety, the freedom, the abandon of a masquerade, and for this reason, entertainments of the kind will never be entirely successful with us. The Ball being over, every one is now at liberty to go home, and I for one intend to avail myself of the privilege at once; though as you may well imagine, Saratoga is more beautiful at present than at any other period of the year, unless indeed, it be a little later in the Autumn, when the heavy foliage of the fine trees turns its green profusion into a jolly russet brown. Not jolly, either,—sad. The cool breezes tell of the keen breath of Winter, and coal at ten dollars a ton; the quivering of the aspen furnishes a pretty simile to the poet, but to the poor man it is little better than a strong reminder of his approaching fever and ague, which Somebody's Bitters will positively not cure. Speaking of fever and ague, by a natural transition I pass to coffins, upon which pieces of furniture, and their maker, and his shop, my window looks out. It is a pretty view for a sick person, suggesting pleasant thoughts of the future; causing me to wonder which of his fabrications would fit me, and if it isn't likely that he will get the job. He is the only coffin maker in Saratoga, I believe, and that his trade is happily not very brisk, is proved by the fact that he is obliged to join to it that of general carpentering. Up stairs he makes coffins, down stairs he is a carpenter, and you can't tell how strangely one trade helps the other, occasionally. They told me of a young man who came here last summer, and who was the greatest swell in the place, with his own horses, his own carriages, his own dogs, and his own servants. One day, in driving past the carpenter's, he stopped to have some little repairs done to the wheel of his carriage, expecting to wait till they were completed, and then resume his drive. But the carpenter said he could not possibly attend to it; he was just putting the finishing touches on a coffin.

"Curse coffins!" said the young man in a loud voice, while the bloodshot eye and the flushed face told plainly that dinner was over for to-day, and a headache on the tapis for to-morrow. "Curse coffins!"

"With all my heart," said the carpenter. "I'm sure I'd rather do any other sort of work, and if I had but the money for this one, I would gladly mend your wheel."

"What's the price of this—this thing?" asked the young swell, kicking the coffin over with his neatly-booted foot. "What! Not more than that?" he cried, on hearing the

reply. "By Jingo! It don't cost much to die in Saratoga. Well, there's the money. I won't take it away with me,—now mend my wheel; and remember, *the coffin's mine!*"

Two hours after, he had taken possession of his property! A sharp turn in the road, a frightened pair of horses, full of mettle and urged on by their unsteady driver, a crash, a fall, a traction of the besotted man for a hundred yards, and the story's told.

Moral: Never drink champagne, never ride in a carriage, never stop at a carpenter's shop, never look at a coffin, and above all, never eat anything, and the probabilities are, that you will die also, if not sooner.

Poor Dame Fashion, now about to be quenched until the Winter gaieties commence, gives a few spasmodic gasps before extinction, as the flickering candle shoots up into a brighter flame when just on the eve of expiring, and finds an untimely grave in surrounding tallow. So with the ladies here. If not tallow, why then 'tis some other greasy substance which placed on stray locks forms the "Whisker," a style of coiffure which was voted vulgar and tabooed two years ago in Paris. No matter, it is something new, at least here. It is fashionable, and it is hideously unbecoming. Another disgusting practice, much affected this year by the Saratogiennesses, is that of painting black marks under the eyes, giving to that feature a bold, hard expression; a combination of cold calculation and overweening sensuality, which we might expect in a Laïs or an Aspasia, but which we scarcely look for in a pure American girl of eighteen years of age.

In fact, to touch on a delicate subject, what is purity, in appearance and in reality? What is the definition of the word in the American Dictionary of Fashion? Can a girl be said to be pure who sits in the grounds of a hotel of a dark night, with her waist encircled by the arm of a man who may be a pickpocket, a gambler, or a gold-check forger, for all she knows;—she has only met him at the Springs. The next week he goes away, and she *da capo* the movement with a different basso, or that love of a tenor out of an engagement. She only met him in the afternoon perhaps, but it is not unlikely that at night, in parting, (emboldened by her *laissez aller*, which he, as a foreigner, doesn't understand as "nothing but flirting,") he draws her pretty form towards him, and touches with his great vandal lips her unblushing but innocent cheek. At the next interview, ignorant of the existence of a line of demarcation between flirtation and impropriety, he offends her; and as an unhappy consequence, there is a street row between her brother and the person who was yesterday a "love," but is now a "wretch;" or more dreadful still, pistols are used, and one man becomes a culprit, the other a cripple, and both very wretched creatures.

The French err undoubtedly on the score of strictness to unmarried girls; but I really think, of the two evils, our system presents the greater one. It makes a girl bold and heartless; it makes her cold and calculating; it takes away the inexperience of her years, and substitutes a head of forty on shoulders of eighteen; and at marriage, we see the woeful spectacle of a "knowing" bride; the flower perfect in form and hue, but robbed of all its perfume.

As I knew that to-day would be my last visit to the Spring, it is likely that I observed more narrowly than usual the manners and customs of the motley crowd, which assembles there every morning. If one could but read the story of every heart, how varied would be the histories which might be told. It needs no ghost, however, to come from the grave to tell us that all those parties who press around the Spring in the morning, are not bent solely on the imbibing of water.

There is the girl who lifts to her rosy lips a glass, which the dipping boy has given her, and who, taking little sips at the nauseous draught, glances slyly around to see if he has come, as per appointment. There is the "fast" man, who was on a spree the night before, and now gulps down half-a-dozen glasses to get "his head straight." There is the fat gouty old customer, who has been told that the Congress was good for rheumatism, and who nullifies the effect of his ten matutinal glasses by a dinner at five, in which soft shelled crabs, soupe à la bisque, and heavy wines, figure too conspicuously for health. There is the Cuban lady who in the language of the fan, tells you handsome young Havanese, that she will be in the Union grounds at eight.

There is the thin woman who drinks the waters, hoping they they will make her fat; there is the fat youth, who drinks them thinking they will make him thin. There is a baby with a bad spine, which the poor mother insists on thinking will be straightened by half a glass a day, in which belief baby evidently does not join, for it kicks, and shouts, and rebels generally at the treatment; there is Jenkins' family, three little children happily ignorant of the existence of "walter girls," or the meaning of the word "defalcation"; there are a few remaining actors, relics of Grover's defunct Opera House speculation: there are French coiffeurs, who dress your hair every day, and chat merrily, and tell you plainly how ravishingly handsome you are; but they never once presume to bow to you at the spring, when all unarmed with their combs, they appear what they are in reality, good looking, vulgar, intelligent *canaille*. There is a man with kidneys, and a woman with a liver; a youth of eighteen with the dyspepsia, and a girl of sixteen with hysteria; all arrayed before the fountain of Innocence, hoping to drink from its waters, the unattainable draught of health, youth, and beauty.

How much of disappointment is in store for them all, we know not. How great (in reality) are the beneficial effects of the water, we cannot determine, but of one thing I am quite certain—not one of all the motley crew comes to the Congress Spring, in the hope of mending that much disordered organ, the human heart. Water can have no effect on its blackness and malignity—no—nor blood either, it would seem.

Of course in a place so much frequented as Saratoga, one must expect the pleasing spectacle of window-panes all scratched over with names, trees whose bark is quite defaced with initials, and wooden benches telling the touching tale of Sukey and Jim's having sat there together at such and such a date. But for a piece of cool impudence, what think you of the following, which was pointed out to me at the Lake House;—to me who have a

Byronic horror of writing my name in public places."

Olive Logan, Saratoga, 1864.

I saw her in Spain in '60.

E. MYNDES.

You may easily imagine that I bear no recollection of this pleasing incident; being ill, I am somewhat pettish, and I tell my companions that I wish from the bottom of my heart, that E. would Myndes own business and not meddle with mine. Spain indeed! How did he ever get there? But it only proves the truth of Cowper's truism:

How much a fool that has been sent to roam
Exceeds a fool that has been kept at home.

But my boat is by the shore, and my bark is on the sea, which together with the fact of my trunk being packed and the train starting at half past two, leads me to close my letter at once. The original intention was to proceed to Niagara; but some of our party being so uneasy about the Ketchum and Jenkins frauds that we begin to wonder if themselves are not so too Brute, compels us to abandon this project!

I am sorry for it, for Niagara to me is like England—with all her Falls, I love her Still, or more properly Noisy.

You may see me before you get this, or you may get this before you see me. Murmur not at this harsh contingency! It is the mystical fate of mortals! Railroad cars run off the track and posted letters miscarry; thus it often happens that men of letters as well as letters of men are sent to the Dead office.

[At all events, I shall take a ticket for New York, and if I get there O joy! What think you I will do?

I will buy myself a new bonnet, and rally round the flag-stones of my meandering Broadway.

Will you love me then as now? I know you will, for am I not,

Dear Press,

Your very own,

OLIVE LOGAN.

BABY LOUISE.

I'm in love with you, baby Louise!
With your silken hair, and your soft blue eyes,
And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,
And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the skies,—
God's sunshine, baby Louise.

When you fold your hands, baby Louise,
Your hands, like a fairy's, so tiny and fair,
With a pretty, innocent, saint-like air,
Are you trying to think of some angel-taught prayer
You learned above, baby Louise?

I'm in love with you, baby Louise!—
Why! you never raise your beautiful head!
Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red
With a flush of delight, to hear the words said,
"I love you," baby Louise.

Do you hear me, baby Louise?
I have sung your praises for nearly an hour,
And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower,
And—you've gone to sleep, like a weary flower,
Ungrateful baby Louise!

M. B.

Kind heaven, in mercy to the fool,
Gave him, I've heard an Indian say,
Guide of his life, a golden rule:
The fool he threw the rule away.

What was the rule? To hold his tongue
And listen to what others say.
The wise man found the rule, and sits
Silent, and bears fools talk away.

THE PARAGON OF UGLINESS.

If there is one peculiarity I have, which distinguishes me from the generality of young men, it is my passion for ordinary women, or I will be frank and speak out plainly, the attraction that ugly girls have for me.

Men speak of adoring beauty—I worship ugliness.

Men pride themselves on being connoisseurs in beauty—I am a connoisseur in ugliness.

This field is all my own.

The whole grace and interest of my life, I say it truthfully and thankfully, I owe to ugly women.

I put my hand upon my heart and protest that I was never in love with a woman who had any pretensions to beauty.

But my friends know how passionately I adored Julia Dishone, and how near I came in my despair to committing suicide, when she refused me.

The delirium of my passion for Anna Seaton, and the delights of that love experience, which was like a sublimated intoxication until we became mutually indifferent, was talked of in the circles of our acquaintance.

The secrets of my various and complicated flirtations with many other dear, homely creatures, whose names shall remain forever locked in my private drawer, along with their charming notes, their faded flowers, and the various love-tokens, to which I turn when life seems dull and dreary, and I escape from the presentiments of a sad and lonely future, into the rich memories of the happy past, shall never be told by me.

This is not an affected peculiarity on my part, but a thoroughly genuine and natural expression of my character. In an intellectual admiration for beauty, I yield to no man. I can fully comprehend Pygmalion's passion. His statue, however, was perfect. Any blemish in it, however slight, would have destroyed his illusion. Then she was marble, and had the calm cold beauty, that makes the cultivated world bow down before the remains of Grecian art, which even envious Time has spared, to serve as a reproach to our vaunted civilization.

But for sentiment, my heart prompts me always to seek for it in homely women.

There must always be a harmony between our outward and our inner lives. It was proper that Adam in Paradise should have given him as his helpmate, "The fairest of her daughters, Eve." But the world as we have made it, is a very different thing from Paradise, and the life we modern men lead, a very different one from the careless and unconscious happiness that the primal pair enjoyed. To patch the homely suit of sordid business with the glorious stuff that makes our dreams of beauty, is to dress in motley, and the gorgeous color of the piece we introduce makes the dull tint of the garment we are forced to wear seem more faded than it did before.

It is all high-sounding speech to talk of the duty of cultivating as much as we can, a love for beauty. Let us first introduce into our lives the happiness that is our birthright, and beauty will blossom all about us—beauty that is perfect, because unconscious.

The study of beauty in women, is naturally divided into the two great fields of "the regular" and "the picturesque."

THERE ARE NO REGULAR BEAUTIES.

The secret of such creations was lost in Paradise, at the time that man scorned his unconscious freedom. The Greeks dreamed of it; with their divine instincts of art, they ascribed it to their gods. But even in those times it was an abstraction, and the warmth of life that comes from a full pulsating human heart, is wanting in their statues. They are all intellectual creations, and the cultivated world unites in an intellectual admiration and reverence for them. But it is not the sweet sentiment and passion that we feel for the personality of a living woman, and the Greeks themselves typified this truth, in their artistic representation of Medusa, the intellectual perfection of face surmounted with entwining serpents. The kiss of love from those cold lips was death. The warm life blood congealed in the heart of him who sought to worship her, and left him rigid stone.

The picturesque style of beauty is in women what it is in gardening. The charm of nature as we see it around us. The pleasing contrasts of light and shade, the charming variety of curve. Harmonious irregularity.

A Mr. Brown was the great champion of the distortion of nature, called regular gardening, against Uvedale Price, the advocate in England of the picturesque style. The Brown family still exist. The patient and long-suffering earth has not yet swallowed them up.

It is the picturesque style of beauty that attracts most men.

I go a step further.

It is the picturesque style of ugliness that attracts me. It was in each of the cases to which I have alluded, some striking new combination, some fresh and surprising want of regularity, that attracted me.

All who have read Anderson's story of the ugly duck, will understand the delight that enters into and beautifies a woman, who has been forced by the harsh and cruel world to retire into herself, at finding that she is not entirely an outcast from the kingdom of love.

"Et ego in Arcadia," writes Poussin's peasant.

"I also am a painter," said Corregio.

"There is love for even me, in this cold world," said Anna Seaton.

But of all the adventures I have had in my enthusiastic search after ugliness, the one I am going to relate was the most exciting and surprising. It is now some years ago. I was living in New York, and received through the post a charming little note, asking me to call and see an old friend at number one thousand and odd Broadway. It was signed E. T. C. I knew no E. T. C., but determined to go.

The sun was just setting upon a mild Summer day, as I slowly sauntered up Broadway to find the designated number. I rang at the bell, and was shown up into a parlor upon the second story. There was a shop of some kind kept underneath. The parlor was empty. I sat by the window and looked upon the sun as he shut his "battle-stained eye."

The opposite side of the street presented at that time the pleasing prospect of vacant lots.

To me in my solitude entered a woman of about thirty-five, too good-looking, however, to interest me. I produced the note. She said she had written it. Conversation sprang up. I could not go too abruptly, and we continued talking until the lighting of the gas

lights in the street, and the darkness of the room showed that the dusky pall of night had fallen upon the world.

At least that half of it upon which we were.

I rose to go. She then said that she had written the note at the dictation of a young friend of hers, who wanted me to wait until the room was dark. As she said this, the young friend entered, and the lady of thirty-five left the room.

Of course I need not say that the young friend was a female friend. She took me by the hand warmly and claimed acquaintance with me.

I remarked that I was very glad to see her, but that the darkness of the room prevented me from recognizing her, and proposed lighting the gas. She said she did not want that done. She was so ugly she did not wish to be seen, and for that reason had waited before coming down.

The charming frankness of this avowal interested me extremely.

I asked her name; she would not tell it me, but led the conversation upon topics, places and people which showed me that she knew many of my friends, had travelled, had certainly heard of me, and had doubtless, as she asserted, met me before. The time passed quickly and delightfully. She was witty and intelligent; her voice was musical and rich; as well as I could distinguish the outlines of her person she was exceedingly graceful.

A graceful figure is a legitimate charm for a woman with a homely face, and is oftener met in those considered ugly, than in those who have a reputation for beauty. It is a sort of compensation that nature, who is always just, gives as a balance for their deprivation, or else it comes from the fact that ugly women are more unconscious in their movements, and consequently more graceful, than the beauties who are always trying to be charming and failing through their constant desire to appear so.

Throughout the entire visit I could not succeed in distinguishing the traits of the ugliness my imagination painted as something more perfect than I had yet encountered. As I rose to go, she hoped graciously that she should see me again. I assured her warmly that she should, and begged permission to call the next evening.

On calling the next evening I found the room unlighted as before. I went away enraptured with this woman, whose face I had not seen, whose name I did not know.

During that night and the next day I could not drive her from my mind. It was with the greatest difficulty that I restrained myself for two days from calling again upon her. Then for a week I went to see her every evening.

By no cunning devise could I ever come to see her face. I could not decoy her so near the window that the light from the street lamps could enable me to see her. I therefore determined upon pretending that she had never seen me, and succeeded in so convincing her of it that she consented to light one of the burners, if I promised not to trouble it.

I consented. She turned on only enough gas to make the room dim, and we looked eagerly into each other's countenances.

Never before had I seen so transcendently chaotic a face. There was a wild picturesqueness about it, that for me possessed an inde-

scribable charm. Not even the wildest imaginations of my dreams, had ever pictured to my mind anything approaching the reality. If she had known how much I admired nature thus unadorned, she would never have received me in any other than a room blazing with light.

Consider for a moment my unfortunate position. My taste for the picturesque in ugliness is so singular and bizarre, and women are all so firm in their belief that men admire only beauty, that to mention my peculiar idiosyncrasy seems like a covered insult, like irony, like satire; and a feeling of delicacy, perhaps absurd, keeps me from declaring my real feelings.

It prevented me in this case also, from falling upon my knees and declaring my unfeigned admiration. For only a moment did so unexpectedly entrancing a sight bless my eyes. She had satisfied her curiosity and shut off the gas. She said that I was right; she had never seen me before, and I must have received the note which was intended for some other person bearing my name.

During the remainder of my visit that evening, she was more coy and reserved than she had ever been before, while I was more eager and passionate in my protestations of admiration.

I have never seen her from that time to this. I was prevented by various causes from calling again upon her during the next two days, and when I came again, the lady of thirty-five told me she had gone to St. Louis.

From that time to the present, the face I saw only for a moment, has been ever present in my thoughts, but never again has the countenance, which by a secret of its own, contained such rare and absolute negation of beauty, been seen in the flesh by me. It is only in idea that Nora, so she told me I might call her, exists for me. If ever this confession should fall under her notice, may she again render happy the gentleman who called so assiduously at number one thousand and odd Broadway, and who has ever since dreamed of her as the paragon of ugliness.

THE FALCON BIRD.

BY CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

I.

Wear on, relentless town!—old thoughts are stirred;
Out on the pasture-slopes I seem to lie,
And watch the sailing of the Falcon Bird,
In the blue harbors of the summer sky.

II.

O keen-eyed Falcon Bird! with you I sail,
Sweep wide, sweep high—life springs in me again;
I see the rock-land gray, the woody vale,
The quiet summer lake, the yellow plain.

III.

O keen-eyed Falcon Bird! beware, beware!
Breakers ahead! to you invisible:
The surf beats on dead castles in the air—
Old ruined walls! your forms I know full well.

IV.

I wake; the blinding frost is on the pane,
With city din the sills and windows shake:
I see the ruined walls—no hill, no plain,
No sailing Falcon Bird, no summer lake.

THE INSTRUCTIVE DRAMA.

AN ENTIRELY NEW INVENTION.

(REGISTERED.)

Prologue, which explains the novelty:

Complaints are made, by men reputed wise,
That plays are only shows to please the eyes,
Of that, at best, they only offer folks
The shallowest sentiment and oldest jokes.
The charge is partly just. Victoria's age
Shall see a novel drama on the stage:
The characters shall blend, in every act,
Passion and action with some valued fact,
And each spectator, newly taught, shall say,
"I have derived instruction from the play."
Kind friends, to a propitious fate conduct
Our humble aim to charm and to instruct.

[Exit, smirking.]

THE YACHT.

AN INSTRUCTIVE DRAMA, IN FIVE ACTS.

SCENE—The Isle of Wight.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—Will appear as wanted.

TIME—Greenwich.

ACT I.

The End of Ryde Pier.

LORD CHARLES CHOBHAM (discovered, in nautical attire, with telescope. He looks through it.)
No sign of the Portsmouth steamer that should bring my beloved Harriet. O glass, glass, whose invention is commonly but erroneously attributed to the starry Galileo—

HENRY (his friend). Erroneously, Charles, indeed?

LORD CHARLES. You here! 'Tis well. Yes, Henry, and as my loved one comes not, it may while away an idle hour to improve the mind of my friend.

HENRY. Ever the same disinterested Charles.

LORD CHARLES. Know, my Henry, that the telescope is noticed by Leonard Digges, about 1571. Roger Bacon—

HENRY. I have heard of him. He was Lord Chancellor, and made bad statues in St. Paul's.

LORD CHARLES. Not so. But one thing at a time. Order is Heaven's first law. Roger Bacon described, yet never saw telescopes. They were made by Metius, of Alkmaar, and Jansen of Middleburg, a quarter of a century before Galileo.

HENRY. How charming is divine philosophy! I should like to go further into the subject.

LORD CHARLES. You shall. But at present you must oblige me by going farther from this spot, for here comes the steamer bearing her whom I love.

[Exit Henry.]

Enter the Portsmouth steamer.

THE HONORABLE HARRIET HEATHERBELL (lands, and passes Lord Charles without apparent notice, but drops a shrimp at his feet, and says in a low voice) Watched!

[Exit.]

LORD CHARLES (seizes the shrimp). Dear, playful token from her hand. The *Oregon vulgaris*. Come to my lips, and indeed a little further. (Eats it.) Fresh as the dew on the rosebud at morn, it must have been boiled this afternoon. Watched, are we? (Starts.) He who sets a watch on a British nobleman has wound up his own for the last time.

[Exit.]

ACT II.

The Undercliff.

Enter a villain, who is also a terribly wealthy Greek merchant, and whose name is Ippopotamus Preposterous. He looks round.

IPP. PREP. I struggle in vain with the mixed motives that agitate my Athenian bosom. I am like this stone. In the upper part there is chalk and chalk-marl in nearly horizontal strata. The centre is green sandstone. Beneath this is dark marl. Then comes ferruginous sand. The landsprings act on the marl below, and all tumbles in picturesque ruin. So it is with my blighted heart. In alternate strata are virtue, vengeance, ossification, and sentimentality. The name of Harriet—

HENRY (appearing from behind a boulder). Name her not.

IPP. PREP. Ha! The foolish friend of the arrogant aristocrat. (Draws a pistol.) Die! (Pulls the trigger.) No report! What juggle is this?

HENRY. The next time that Ippopotamus Preposterous meditates assassination, let him be sure that his bribed menial does not load the pistol with Mr. Gale's safety powder, warranted not to go off. I am unaware of the chemical components of the mixture, but they evidently effect isolation between the granulated particles.

IPP. PREP. You are a bold man.

HENRY. This is a boulder.

[They fight, and both fall into the sea.]

ACT III.

Sea View.

The Reading Room. Enter Lord and Lady Burniboozie, the Hon. Harriet, their daughter, Sir Stuckup Martinet Aldershott, C. B., who aspires to her hand, Dr. Dionysius Dillwater, the toady and family doctor, and Bodley Radcliffe, a young Oxonian.

LADY BURNIBOOZIE. This place is ridiculously small. Let us come out of it.

[They all come out again to the shore.]

SIR STUCKUP. Delightful place, Miss Heatherbell. The great charm, haw, of an island, always appeared to me, haw, to be, that it is, haw, always surrounded by water.

DR. DILLWATER. A very profound remark, indicating close observation of geographical phenomena.

BODLEY RADCLIFFE. I've seen isles with no water round 'em.

DR. DILLWATER. Indeed, my dear young friend. Which?

BODLEY RADCLIFFE. The aisles in church. Sold again, and bought a gallipot for twice the money.

[Runs an ode of Pindar.]

DR. DILLWATER. Exuberant spirits.

SIR STUCKUP (in a lower voice). May I hope, Miss Heatherbell, that my attentions have been neither unobserved nor unwelcome?

HARRIET. Sir Stuckup, please do not subject me to this inquisitorial persecution.

LADY BURNIBOOZIE. Who spoke of the Inquisition? When was it founded, Doctor?

DR. DILLWATER. My dear lady, Pietro da Verona, the first inquisitor who burnt heretics, was assassinated by an accused gonfaloniere, April 6, 1252.

BODLEY. Serve him right.

DR. DILLWATER. Noble instinct! The holy office was re-instituted in Spain in 1480. Next

year three thousand persons were burned for heresy.

LORD BURNIBOOZIE. The Papists would do the same, I make no doubt, were they in power to-morrow. I will certainly vote, next session, for a repeal of the Act for letting Catholic prisoners see their chaplains.

SIR STUCKUP (aside). Chaplains! I have a thought.

[They go in to Lunch.]

ACT IV.

Atum Bay.

Sunrise. The face of the lofty and many-colored cliffs, sparkling, and Ippopotamus Preposterous in a variegated dressing-gown, yawning.

IPP. PREP. I hate getting up in the middle of the night. To be kept awake by one's conscience till five, and to be called by one's valet at half-past, is a hideous mixture of psychology and punctuality. Minerva knows why I am here. I am as stupid as one of her owls.

Enter Sir S. M. Aldershott.

SIR STUCKUP. Can you speak English?

IPP. PREP. Can a duck swim?

SIR STUCKUP. Lord Charles Chobham is your enemy!

IPP. PREP. What am I to get for injuring him?

SIR STUCKUP. That is the style I like—that is business.

IPP. PREP. I don't care what you like. Do you understand Goëthe's affinities?

SIR STUCKUP. I never heard of the article.

IPP. PREP. Johann Wolfgang von Goëthe was born in 1749, and died in 1832. He produced various works. That to which I alluded is among his later creations, and is a novel called *Die Wahlverwandtschaften*.

SIR STUCKUP. The word is long.

IPP. PREP. And time is short. If you desire to know any more of Goëthe—

SIR STUCKUP. I don't.

IPP. PREP. If any of your relations desire to know any more of Goëthe—

SIR STUCKUP. They don't.

IPP. PREP. If any of your acquaintances desire to know more of Goëthe, let them read his life by Mr. G. H. Lewes, the accomplished editor of the *Fortnightly Review*. Now, what do you want with me?

SIR STUCKUP. You have a yacht at Ryde. She is called by a name that was not always here—d'ye mark me, Greek pirate?

IPP. PREP. Hm!

SIR STUCKUP. Haw!

IPP. PREP. Zoe mou, sas agapo.

SIR STUCKUP. Lord Charles under her hatchets—

IPP. PREP. Or under her keel?

SIR STUCKUP. As you will—you do not need gold, but you are a snob and want to enter good society. Next season you shall dine at the Duke of Dillydallyton's.

IPP. PREP. Consider it done, and my compliments to Harriet. [Exit.]

SIR STUCKUP. Familiar beast! [Exit.]

ACT V.

Dusk. The deck of the yacht of Ippopotamus Preposterous, moored off Ryde. The windows of the Club-house can be seen open, and servants bringing wine, being sworn at, &c. Pier on L. only lighted by a few wandering cigars. The sailors, in picturesque Albanian costumes, are

reclining in groups, smoking balikas, and on is playing on a tetrachordon, while the others sing.

"The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where heat of Elysium might live in peace
If half the brigands were but hung."

Ippopotamos Preposteros comes on board with Lord Charles.

IPP. PREP. Poor fellows, they cannot forget their own country.

LORD CHARLES. Why should they?

IPP. PREP. That is a new view of the question. I must consider it. This yacht is Greece to them. Yet their beloved land is really bounded, under the agreement of the allied powers, by a somewhat tortuous line drawn across the Continent, chiefly along the summit of the range of Mount Othrys, from the mouth of the Surbiofio, to the village of Menbidhi, in the Ambracian gulf.

LORD CHARLES. I will take a note of these interesting facts. I forgot to ask you who you are, or to thank you for the hospitality you so frankly proffered when I knocked your cigar out.

IPP. PREP. Are we not all brothers, even if we have different parents? Read Dr. Colenso. Now, if you will descend into my lower cabin—my, ha, ha, parlor, you shall try my Lakatia. (*Aside to crew.*) *Anchoriten upanderit.*

[*They descend.*]

SAILORS. We must obey.

HENRY (*appearing and presenting revolver*). The first man who obeys, I shoot.

BODLEY RADCLIFFE (*appearing and presenting revolver*). The second man who obeys, I shoot.

LORD BURNIBOOZIE (*appearing and presenting revolver*). The third man who obeys, I shoot.

[*The three gentlemen conceal themselves.*]

[*Plash of oars heard. Boat comes alongside. Sir Stuckup scrambles on board.*]

SIR STUCKUP. I want a word with your skipper, haw.

As he descends, Henry advances, and whispers.

HENRY. He has sold you.

SIR STUCKUP. Do you say that? By Jove! Haw!

[*Draws a pistol, and goes down.*]

Another boat, and Lady Burniboozie, Harriet, and Dr. Dillwater come on board.

LADY BURNIBOOZIE. Where is that dear, dear Chobham? They said he was here, and I should never forgive myself if I were not the first to congratulate him on his having succeeded to the chivalric title and enormous wealth of the late Marquis of Lobsterpottle.

[*Two pistols heard below.*]

EVERYBODY. Gracious!

[*The Marquis of Lobsterpottle ascends.*]

HARRIET. Charles! [*They embrace. The Marquis. Harriet!*] *others come forward.*

LORD BURNIBOOZIE. You will ask what meant those shots, and many other questions. Let them be answered on shore during the splendid banquet which shall crown the eve of the marriage of the Marquis of Lobsterpottle and our darling Harriet.

Ippopotamos Preposteros and Sir Stuckup ascend.

IPP. PREP. We have severely wounded each other.

SIR STUCKUP. And are sincerely penitent.

HARRIET. Nothing then is wanting to complete, &c., if you, our kyind, &c., will only, &c.

TAG.

LORE C. Yet still, to vindicate our drama's art,
Repeat the instruction which we would impart.
Act One made clear to all, judicio suo,
That telescopes preceded Galileo.

IPP. PR. Act Two revealed the Undercliff's formation
And geological stratification.

DR. DILL. Act Three recalled to your historic vision
The picture of the Holy Inquisition.

SIR STUC. Act Four to literature gave what it's due is,
And told of Goethe and of Mr. Lewes.

LADY B. Act Five to your delighted ears confided
How modern Greece from Turkey is divided.

HARRIET. To Educate, in every various way,
Is the proud office of the modern Play,
And while by means like these we seek success,
"Dread deans must laud us, and broad bishops
bless."

MR. SMITH.—A MORAL TALE.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

The first of April. You know the day. A point of time, an unit of twenty-four hours, with a night on each side of it, and the sun laid on top to keep it in its place. You have undoubtedly passed the day in New England at some period of your miserable life. You have felt your coarse nature repulsed, too, when some weary and desolate little child has dreamily pinned a bit of paper to the hindermost verge of the garment men call a coat, and then called the attention of passers-by to your appearance. You have despised that little, weary, hollow-eyed child for it. Beware how you strike that child; for I tell you that the child is the germ of the thing they call man. The germ will develop; it will grow broadly and largely into the full entity of Manhood. In striking the present Child you strike the future Man. Ponder this thought well. Let it fester in your bosom.

John Smith sat at his table, in the lowest depths of a dreamy coal-mine, and helped himself to some more pork and beans. I know not what there was way down in the black recesses of the man's hidden soul to make him want so much pork and beans. I look into my heart to find an answer to the question, but no answer comes. Providence does not reveal all things to us. Is it not well it should be so?

He was a hard, iron-looking, adamantine man. His eyes were glowing furnaces for the crucibles of thought. You felt that he saw you when he looked at you. His nose was like a red gothic tower built amidst broken angles of sullied snow, and his mouth was the cellar of that tower. His hair was of the sort that resists a comb. You have seen the same sort on the heads of men of great thought. It is the tangled bush in which the goat of Thought loses itself.

John Smith hiccupped, as he helped himself to some more pork and beans. He did not notice that the foot which he had semi-consciously placed on a pale, sickly child, was beginning to move. But it did move, and there crawled from under it the shape of a diseased dwarf of womanhood. This timid, pallid thing, uplifted itself to its bleeding feet, and nestled to the side of John Smith.

"Y'o hae been separated by unspeaking space from dis humble, leetle place for some hours longer that zis boosom could uncomplainingly indure,—y'o hae."

The child meant to say, in its coarse, brutal, unlettered way, that the man had been absent too long.

John Smith helped himself to some more pork and beans. He was a man, you know, and could not answer without deep thought. He took his knife and wiped it thoughtfully upon her head, and then sawed off a sickly yellow curl. When he placed that curl on the same plate with the pork and beans, its coils seemed like those of some golden snake.

"Girietta," he said, with the ring of iron in his tones, "why is it that the beasts never want to marry? God made them as He made us; yet they never ask priests to make them slaves to each other."

The sickly little waif cringed closer to that inscrutable great heart which underlaid a soul of eternal questioning. She shuddered like a wounded hog, but could not answer. An inward fever was devouring her.

The man took some more pork and beans. "Girietta," he said, almost fiercely, "the beasts teach me a lesson; but I will not, dare not, SHALL not heed it. I want a home; my heart demands some one to work for me; to support me. I am weary of labor, and want some one to labor and toil and suffer for me, and do my washing. I love you. Have me."

The atom of womanhood contorted her diseased features into the pale twist of agony, and her bosom heaved with stormy wavings, like the side of a tortured and choking brute. Falling to the ground, she writhed, and struggled, and kicked convulsively, as though seized with some inward pang. Then she rose slowly to her shattered little feet, and drew an old cupboard to the middle of the wretched cave and beat her head against it.

It was the child's first taste of that great mystery of perfect love which woman is doomed to share with the thing called Man.

"Y'o air indulging in secret cachinnation, at the expense of my sair heart."

The child meant that he was laughing at her.

John Smith helped himself to some more pork and beans, and sat back in his stern, dark chair. What were his thoughts as he looked down on that miniature fragment of womanly humanity? Perhaps he thought that there might be angels way up in heaven just like her. Bright seraphs, with ruby eyes, and silver wings, and golden harps, and just such pale, haggard, gaunt, sunken, bleared little faces.

"Girietta," he said, "I hereby make thee mine. Take some of these pork and beans."

She fell upon his bosom.

There let us leave them. Do you think they were any less happy, because they were way down in a dreamy, rayless coal-mine, where men work their souls away to give others warmth? If you think so, you have never felt what true love is. Your degraded and starless nature has never had one true soul to lean upon. When you lean upon a soul, you see everything through that soul, which gives its own hue to everything. Man's love is a pane in his bosom, and through that pane the eyes of woman look forth to see the new world. The medium is the ultimatum. God gives us love that we may live more cheaply and happily together than if we were separate. A bread-pudding is richer where there are two hearts; than plum-pudding is to one alone. The world will learn this yet, and then the lion will lie down with the lamb, and even you will be less depraved. The First of April found John Smith unmarried, but it left him nearly wedded. Let us think of this when the spring birds sing again. It will make us more human, more charitable, and fitter to be blest.

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 2, 1865.

WHAT THE NEW YORK PAPERS SAY.

From the N. Y. Times, Aug. 9.

The SATURDAY PRESS, whose pages in days gone by were filled with wit and wealth of humor, is revived. Mr. Clapp's hand is still firm on the helm, and his bark has bounded boldly among the couriers of the literary sea. The paper has changed form, but is improved; of pleasant shape and size, filled with good things, it is welcome to our table. Its first number was excellent, its promises are flattering, and we have no doubt of its entire success.

From the N. Y. Tribune, Aug. 5.

Among the best weeklies of this city, a few years ago, was THE SATURDAY PRESS, edited and published by Henry Clapp, Jr. Able, peerless, and of a high literary tone, it had fewer readers than it deserved, though it stopped, we believe, because its editor was called to a more profitable avocation, rather than the want of sufficient support. It is, we believe, about to be renewed under favorable auspices by Mr. Clapp. The paper will be a fast competitor, in the race of the lively city weeklies.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, Aug. 5.

Mr. Henry Clapp, Jr., has revived the SATURDAY PRESS, and issued the first number to-day. Those who remember (and who does not?) this journal, with its trenchant and independent criticism, its able literary articles, its manly notices of art and the drama, and its fearless exposure of all sorts of shams, will welcome it again and bid it God speed to a long and eventful life.

From the N. Y. Evening Post, Aug. 5.

Mr. Clapp has chosen an auspicious time for the revival of the SATURDAY PRESS, a paper, which, during its former period of existence, was the most witty and brilliant of our weeklies, and promises, in this first number of the new series, to be even better than before. If anything can help us to forget the hot weather, the present number of the SATURDAY PRESS, issued to-day, will be thus helpful. The SATURDAY PRESS was formerly a sheet of four pages; it now contains sixteen, is well printed, and is sold for the very reasonable price of six cents.

From the Home Journal, Aug. 26.

The SATURDAY PRESS has been revived, under the editorship of Mr. Henry Clapp, Jr., (its former editor,) a theatrical critic of long standing, and well known to the public by the sobriquet of "Figaro." Judging from the initial copies, we have every reason to predict a prosperous career for Mr. Clapp's undertaking. So far the articles have been witty and less weighty than those of other contemporaries which have recently appeared as candidates for public patronage. It would seem that the editor favors the "feuilleton" system. If talent, business capacity, and a host of friends can stimulate the circulation of a new periodical, Mr. Clapp's paper will be a success.

We have received about fifty letters from persons of more or less intelligence and of obvious leisure, asking why we don't write about this and that—why we do write about this and that other—why we print so much that we don't write at all—why Mr. So-and-So and Miss Such-and-Such of the old SATURDAY PRESS don't appear in our columns—and, in a word, why generally "this is thus." All we have to say in response is that we are called upon to answer so many whys in course of the week that we have about made up our mind to "give it up." If our readers don't like the SATURDAY PRESS, as it is, the best thing they can do is to keep on buying it until they acquire a better taste. Why we do this or that—or why we don't—or why people get into a state of mind about it—is as much a mystery to us as it can possibly be to anybody. Let this suffice for our final answer. A word to the whys is sufficient.

COUNT GURONSKI has mixed up in the Greeley-Weed controversy, by issuing an affidavit, in which he solemnly swears to a number of things which, at best, can be nothing more

than matters of opinion. The Count reminds us of our Gallic friends, who are ready, at any moment, to give you their *parole d'honneur* that such a woman is prettier than such another; that a given opera is the best that was ever written, and so on.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company complain that there is a conspiracy to put down their cable. Why don't they put it down themselves, then? What they are after now is to re-cover it; let us hope they will re-cover it with something that is accident proof.

It is said that the city car people, instead of taking measures to rid their conveyances of fleas and other vermin, are about to issue a paper in their defence under the title of "THE BATTLE-CRY OF FLEADOM."

The papers are full of startling paragraphs headed, "ERA OF CRIME," "ERA OF FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENTS," "ERA OF INCENDIARISM," etc.; but what we have most to fear just now is that most fearful of all eras, the Chol-era.

Ketchum's late landlady thinks that the law ought not to punish him too severely for his little capers. "Capers" is good; but we suggest that "capers and sauce" would be even better.

One of the city dailies, alarmed by Mr. Depew's census, coolly proposes that a meeting of citizens be called to provide means for increasing our population.

As there appear to be no lady contributors to THE NATION, it has been suggested that for this and other reasons its name be changed to THE STAG-NATION.

It is said that the proprietors of the various city cars propose to form themselves into a special company under the name of the "Flea-nian Brotherhood."

A correspondent suggests that children should rarely be allowed to drink tea, but should be kept in the lack-tea-al way as long as possible.

The poem signed "Columbia" and entitled: Why does the Black Man follow my Path? is respectfully declined.

WANTED—A clever accountant to estimate the lie-abilities of Wall street.

NEW AXIOM—Discretion is the bitter part of valor.

DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

BY FIGARO.

"I have been trying for twenty years, Mr. Editor, to find out whether or not I like CHARLES KEAN.

I have seen him in nearly every part that he has played; and have always been more or less fascinated by him, but—well, you may put after that "but" almost anything you please.

I never see him but I think of John Neal's remark on publishing his first book of verses; "Either this is poetry," said he, "or it is d—d nonsense."

So with Kean's acting.

There is no half-way about it.

Either it is the perfection of acting, or it is no acting at all.

It stands out in such glaring contrast to everything else we see on the stage; it is so essentially and radically *sui generis*—it violates so coolly and constantly all recognised usages and traditions—it ignores, with such consummate complacency and *sang froid* any preconceived opinions on the part of the public—it defies so bravely all critics and all criticism—that on a first experience of it, all other emotions are swallowed up in that of astonishment.

"I expected," said a young lady who sat near me the other night (the play was Henry VIII, and Kean was playing the Cardinal), "to see something grand—but I was never so much disappointed in my life. I could do as well as that myself."

"But just you wait a little and listen," said her companion; and her next remark, a few moments after, was: "Why, George, I wouldn't trust that man (meaning Kean and not the Cardinal) as far as I could see him."

The actor had so identified himself with the character, and was acting it so simply—so much like real life—that everybody in the house forgot all about the play and the author, and the theatre itself, and thought only of the character, which was before us as distinctly as if it had crossed our own path, and it was we ourselves who had to do with it.

And yet we were none of us satisfied.

All along there was a "but" in the case.

The character was real, to be sure, but wasn't it—like the poetry of Wordsworth, Crabbe and the rest of that school—too real? That is the question.

For my own part, I am all in a muddle about it.

I have seen Booth's Hamlet and been carried away by that; and I have seen Kean's Hamlet and been carried away by that; and yet the two are as different as fire and water.

The Hamlet of Kean is like a portrait by Holbein; that of Booth, more like a portrait by Vandyke.

In fact I don't know that you can describe Kean better than by calling him the Holbein of actors.

I used to have a collection of Holbeins years ago, and have been to Hampton Court, near London, to see the Holbein pictures there more times than you can count.

My friends used to call me a monomaniac on the subject.

I remember well my enthusiasm over Holbein's Henry VIII, which is such a faithful picture of the cruel beastly old monarch that you can hardly look on it without a sense of terror.

You see Holbein had a way of painting people as he saw them.

The only criticism we could pass on him was, perhaps, that he didn't see deeply enough.

The same with Kean.

He gives you the character as he sees it—and does this so perfectly that for the time being he is the character. So that all the illusions of the stage seemed to vanish.

I am stating all this very imperfectly, Mr. Editor, but what I want to get at is that while Kean may—nay must—please the intellect, it

still remains an open question whether he appeals sufficiently to the imagination.

People say, and with apparent reason, that he is too prosaic.

They compare him to the pre-Raphaelites who, under the high patronage of Ruskin, threatened, at one time, to degrade art to all but the imitative standard of the Chinese.

Whether they are right or not, is a question I am unprepared, at present, to discuss.

As I intimated at the outset, my mind is not yet made up about it.

Neither do I forget what Vedder once said to me, when I was praising one of Landseer's famous horse-pictures.

"Not a curve, not a line, not a hair is omitted," said I.

"No," said Vedder "nothing but the horse."

I saw what he meant at once, if I wanted to see the horse I must go to an artist like Rosa Bonheur.

And if I should see Vedder, to-morrow, and tell him of Kean's Hamlet, or Louis XI, or Shylock, or no matter what, saying that not a feature, not a detail, not a shade was omitted, I think as like as not he would say (as others have done, in substance) "No, nothing but the character."

So, for fear of getting myself into some such scrape I will drop the subject here, nor return to it until I have seen the great actor (for I will have it that he is great, any way) two or three times more.

And especially, must I see his Hamlet again which I see he is to give us to-day as a matinee performance.

Then, again, next week, I shall have a chance to see him in "Macbeth," the "Stranger," and "King Lear," in all which he will, at least, give us superb studies.

Meanwhile, it is pleasant to note that the Broadway—which looks beautiful in its new dress—is filled every night and that whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the merits of Mr. Kean, he is always received with enthusiasm, and listened to with a degree of attention which is in itself no mean applause.

And here endeth all that I have to offer, this week, except in the way of announcement; for the Kean mania has taken such possession of me that I hav'n't even been to Irving Hall to laugh and cry over Artemus Ward's "Adoo!"

Artemus is so fond of saying "Adoo!" however that he will keep on saying it all next week when, like a doctiful child, I shall go and hear him, if it costs me a dozen linen handkerchiefs.

He would keep on a-dooing and a-dooing another week, only the Hall is engaged after next Saturday to Mr. Bateman who is about to introduce to American notice Madame Parepa, a distinguished cantatrice from across the waters,—also a new candidate for piano honors in the person of Mr. Dannreuther (famed all last season in London) and a brilliant young violinist who rejoices in the name—which he has made familiar in all the European cities—of Signor Carl Rosa.

Mr. Bateman is sparing neither pains nor expense to bring out his artists with due éclat, and the fact that Theodore Thomas is empowered to organize a full orchestra for their concerts, indicates that we have in store for us a series of musical entertainment which will be fit precursors to the opera.

For we are to have opera, Mr. Editor, despite even of Mr. Bennett who has taken the ground, this week, that it ought to be put down, and has frightened the Times (I may tell you *how*, some day) into joining with the Herald in a war against ~~MARSTON~~ in order that this noble object may be obtained.

It shows great temerity on the part of Max, doubtless, to fight against such odds, but he is determined to do it, he says, if only to expend a little private ammunition he has on hand.

So look out for a brisk time of it presently, and "may the best man win."

Meanwhile the Academy has been put in order, and after Hermann, the wizard, has purged it of any blue devils that may be lurking around, Max will take possession with the best operative company that exists in the world, and give us a series of performances which promise to place the musical reputation of New York on a par with that of any city in Europe.

I don't know what Chevalier Wickoff and his friends will say to all this, but I'll wager a set of "diamond sleeve buttons" that whatever connexion they have with opera next season will neither damage Max, help GRAU, nor accomplish anything beyond proving that they are, in more than one sense, behind the Times.

But more of this next week, when, if this cruel war between Max and the enemy is not over, I may give you a detail or two which will shed some light upon the affair.

I may have to intercept some of the scouts running from office to office in Nassau street, to get all the information I want; but what of that?

And now I should like to give you a little theatrical information, but there is scarcely any at hand.

The only items I know of are that the Winter Garden will open on a week from Monday with Mr. J. S. Clarke; that Mr. Jefferson is at the Adelphi, London in a new play entitled "Rip Van Winkle," of which he and Dion Boucicault are the authors; that Mme. Celeste is with us again and is to follow the Keans, for a fortnight at the Broadway; that Frank Chanfrau who is to succeed her has just made an engagement with your brilliant correspondent, Olive Logan, to join his company; that John Owens has been re-engaged at the Adelphi, London; and is filling the house with his Solon Shingle; that DeWalden has finished his new play "Sam" and has gone out to Indianapolis with Frank Chanfrau, to try it on; and that—well that's all.

FIGARO.

A telegram to the TRIBUNE announces that the Navy Department have designated the Rev. C. B. Boynton, formerly of Cincinnati, to write the history of the navy and our naval enterprises during the rebellion. It only remains now for the Army Department to designate the Rev. Jacob Abbott as its historian, and then we shall have a History of the Rebellion, compared with which Greeley's will be nowhere.

Man wants but little here below,
But wants that little strong.

(For the Saturday Press.)

SWEET IMPATIENCE.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

I.

The sunlight glimmers dull and gray
Upon my wall to-day;

This summer is too long:

The hot days go

Weary and slow

As if time's reckoning were perverse and wrong:

But when the flowers

Have faded, and their bloom has passed away,

Then shall my song

Be all of happier hours,

And more than one fond heart shall then be gay.

II.

But song can never tell

How much I long to hear

One voice, that like the echo of a silver bell,

Unconscious, low, and clear,

Falls, as aforesaid angel-voices fell

On Saint CECELIA'S ear:

And it will come again,

And I shall hear it, when

The droning Summer bee forgets his song

And frosty Autumn crimson hills and dell:

I shall not murmur, then,

"This Summer is too long!"

III.

The trellised grapes shall purple be,

And all

The forest aisles re-echo merrily

The brown quail's call,

And glossy chestnuts fall

In pattering plenty from the leafless tree

When Autumn winds blow strong:

Then shall I see

Her worshiped face once more, and in its sunshine, I

Shall cease to sigh

"This Summer is too long!"

IV.

Meanwhile, I wander up and down

The noisy town

Alone:

I miss the lithe form from my side,

The kind, caressing tone,

The gentle eyes

In whose soft depths so much of loving lies;

And lonely in the throng...

Each jostling, bustling, grasping for his own...

The weary words arise,

"This Summer is too long!"

V.

Haste, happy hours...

Fade, tardy, lingering flowers!

Your fragrance has departed, long ago;

I yearn for cold winds, whistling through the
ruined bowers,

For Winter's snow,

If with them, she

May come to teach my heart a cheerier song,

And lovingly

Make me forget all weariness and severance and
wrong,

Whispering close and low,

"Here are we still together, Love, although

The Summer was so long!"

There is a prospect for the next season of having several new volumes of American verse. Among other poets who will be in the field, may be mentioned R. H. Stoddard, William Winter, T. B. Aldrich, Walt Whitman, and Charles D. Gardette. There is a possibility, too, of having a volume from George Arnold, and another from N. G. Shepherd. Meanwhile, where is Charles Dawson Shanly?

(For the Saturday Press.)

THE INDIA-RUBBER MAN.

Oft have I seen, e'en now I see
The presence I would ban;
'Tis he! the Afreet of my dreams—
The India-Rubber Man!

I pick him out among the crowd,
As nimbly he goes by,
And points his gutta-percha nose
And blinks his vitreous eye.

'Tis said he prowls the streets at night,
And, spite of the police,
With india-rubber case commits
Ingenious robberies.

A bounding Mephistopheles
On stealthy tiptoe comes,
And as he chokes you for your purse
He shows his frightful gums.

Avoid, my friend, his outstretched hand,
That hand of gum and glue;
And, ere he catches you, beware
The fiend of Caoutchouc.

Fate tries in vain to crush him out,
She studies how to kill,
But no, this grim contortionist
Is standing, springing, still.

One day he took the river train—
The cars rolled up a-smash—
A thousand tons weight held him tight
Beneath the awful crash.

We never got him out—alack!
He wasn't dead for that—
Up grinning, at my elbow, sprung
That horrid acrobat.

Of late a member of the Ring,
He keeps the city tame;
And little cares how far will stretch
His conscience or his fame.

An agile politician too,
The public back he mounts,
And much the rabble like him for
His gum-tion and his bounce.

He rises with the rise of stocks,
No crisis keeps him down,
And dancing on a dividend,
He goes about the town.

He pesters me in business hours,
And on my couch at night
A gum-elastic night-mare sits
And will not quit my sight.

Oft have I marvelled at the man,
And searched his meaning more,
So many people set him down
A humbug and a bore.

Elastic, everlasting soul!
In gloomy ages back
They must have tried to stretch him out
A martyr on the rack!

Victor, alas! and victim he—
His wretched fate I scan;
And much I pity, if I scorn
The injured Rubber Man.

THOUGHTS ON THE POWER OF MUSIC.

What is the real source of the pleasure we experience from music? Does it arise immediately from sensation; or is it the result of an association of ideas? Do the pulses of air that fall on the ear while we are listening to a piece of music by their relative times and forces, excite pleasurable sensations? or are the pleasurable sensations we experience, the

result of an association between a certain continuation of sounds and ideas that afford us pleasure? In short, do we derive the pleasure from the music, or is the music a means of exciting a pleasurable train of ideas? I believe both. The mere combination of agreeable tones is capable of exciting an agreeable action in the organ of hearing; but the greatest pleasures we experience from music, are probably derived from associations of ideas.

We have every reason to believe that similar vibrations are produced in the organ of hearing, to those of the sounding body—I mean as to their times and relative forces. These vibrations are what constitute in us the idea of sound.

To these vibrations we have a striking analogy in what have been called *sympathetic sounds*. If a string of a musical instrument be struck, and another one be near it in unison, this second string will be thrown into action by the motion produced in the air by the vibrations of the first.* A string, however, not in unison or concord, will not be thrown into action; because the impulses that are given to such a string, would not coincide with its vibrations; of consequence, instead of aiding, would destroy each other. If two bells be in unison near together, and one be struck, the other will yield an audible sound.† These facts may serve to throw some light on the functions of the ear; but as yet physiologists have been unable to determine their proper application to the operations of this sense. One fact relative to it, however, is worthy of attention. The portion of the *os temporis* which contains this curious organ, is called *apophysis petrosa*, from its superior hardness; thus has nature formed it so as advantageously to receive and communicate vibrations.

We may then, I think, conclude, with some plausibility at least, that simple sounds are agreeable or disagreeable according as the vibrations they produce in the ear arrive at, or are above or below the *pleasurable point of action*. Dr. Hartley says they "are pleasant in proportion to their loudness, provided this be not excessive." If by not being excessive, he means not to pass the agreeable point, it cannot but be true. Such, in all probability, is the origin of our pleasures from simple sounds. But this pleasure is but trifling in comparison to that we enjoy from concords. Why we derive pleasure from hearing concords is, however, a question much more difficult of solution. Dr. Hartley, to whose writings we cannot too often recur for a clue to guide us through the labyrinth of the mind, gives us the following reasons:

"Two musical notes sounded together, suppose upon an organ or violin, afford a greater original pleasure than one, provided the ratios of their vibrations be sufficiently simple. Thus any note sounded with its 2th, 3th, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, or 12th, affords pleasure, the ratios being here, respectively, those of 1 to 2, 2 to 3, 3 to 4, 4 to 5, 5 to 6, 6 to 7, 7 to 8, 8 to 9, 9 to 10, 10 to 11, and 11 to 12, which are all very simple."

* This experiment may be performed in a striking manner, by observing the following circumstances, which accidentally occurred to me. As I was playing on a flute near a glass pane, I observed that, at intervals, a jarring sound was produced in the pane; I found which note on the flute produced it; and could then, at pleasure, though the pane was shut up, throw one of its strings into so powerful an action, that it could be distinctly heard all over the room. This string was in unison with the note on the flute which set it in motion, and owing to some loose wire, jarred very much. I could not make any of the other strings be heard by sounding a unison to them.

† From these facts Lord Bacon proposed to form a double musical instrument, so that by playing one set of strings of it, another set in concord should be put into action. This proposal has lately been carried into effect.

ple ones. But a note with its flat or sharp, 3d or 7th, or 9th, 11th, is originally disagreeable. It may be observed that concords seem to be originally pleasant in proportion to the simplicity of the ratios by which they are expressed, i. e. in the order above set down. Hence we may perhaps suspect, that even the concords were originally unpleasant to the ear of the child; from the irregularity of the vibrations which they impress upon the membrane tympani, and consequent solution of continuity, and that they fall at last within the limits of pleasure, as many other pains do by repetition. For thus those concords in which the ratios are simplest, would become pleasant first, and the others would continue to excite pain, or to border upon it. It is agreeable to this, that discords become at last pleasant to the ears of those that are much conversant in music, and that the two frequent recurrence of concords, cloy.

Such are the reasons given by Dr. Hartley. To these may perhaps be added some others deduced from the muscular action of the parts. It has been conjectured, for as yet any theory of the peculiar actions of the organ of hearing can be little better than conjecture, that a great number of small muscles which are found in it, are constantly employed in arranging its vibratory parts in such a manner, that they will vibrate in unison with the sounding body.‡ If this conjecture has any foundation, may not a concord afford us pleasure, because the actions may be carried on at the same time, or without any variation in the length or tension of the vibrating body; and on the other hand, a discord be disagreeable, because the notes of which it is composed cannot be given together, nor without a new arrangement of the organ of hearing, and thus a jarring of the parts is produced instead of regular vibrations. A string in vibration will not only throw into action another string near it, which is in unison, but also one in concord. We find too that discords are not near so disagreeable to us when they are given in succession, as when struck together. As thus, it is possible the ear may be arranged for their reception. These, however, are but conjectures, and should have no other effect on our minds than to induce us to further investigation.

As MELODY consists in a succession of harmonies, our pleasures from it must arise from a similar cause.

The pleasures arising from AIR are probably derived almost entirely from association of ideas. It is impossible to convey, by words, an idea of what air or tune consists in. To be understood it must be felt.

He who, on hearing a piece of music, has experienced all the vicissitudes of sprightliness and sadness it was intended to convey, may consult his feelings for a correct definition of AIR; but he who has not experienced these sensations, can have no idea of it. There is, perhaps, scarce any man in existence, whose feelings are so callous to the influence of musical tones, as to experience the same sensations on hearing a pathetic Scotch ballad and one of their lively dances. But why we feel melancholy on hearing one, and sprightly on hearing the other, is a question that is difficult of solution. Bacon supposes that "tunes and airs have in themselves some affinity with the affections; as merry tunes, doleful tunes, solemn tunes, tunes inclining men's minds to pity, warlike tunes; so that tunes have a pre-disposition to the motion of the spirits."

* This does not seem to be the seat of hearing, or even necessary to it, as this membrane is sometimes ruptured without the sense being impaired.

† Hartley on Man, Chap. I. Sect. V., prop. 65.

‡ If this be true, how astonishingly rapid must be the action of those muscles, to accompany the various gradations of sound produced by the organ or musician.

Doubtless there are some *tunes* which incline us to mirth, others that depress our spirits, some that incline us to pity, some that give us solemn sensations, and others again fill our minds with ideas of battle, tumult and murder. But is it really the simple combination of sounds of which these airs are composed that produce these effects, or do they serve but as the first movers of a chain of associated ideas of which these are the termination? I believe the latter. What connection can there possibly exist between a certain combination of sounds, and mountains, cottages and streams? Yet who has not heard of the celebrated Swiss air that is forbid even to be played to their troops in foreign service, as it always produces the most unrestrainable desire to return to their native country. I once heard this air played several times, and after the first performance, when my curiosity was satisfied, it produced no other wish in me than that the performer would change it for one more agreeable. With the Swiss, however, it is no doubt associated with all the scenes of pleasure he has enjoyed in his native land. It is the *talisman*, which, when struck, raises to his view the rugged but picturesque landscapes his country presents, his friends, and all regretted, because *half remembered*, pleasures of childhood.*

Who has not heard of the wonders produced among the ancient Greeks by the powers of music? Grave historians relate tales of the power of music over them, which at first view appear incredible. Doubtless they are much exaggerated; but when we recollect the manners and early education of the people of whom they are related, we need not be surprised that music should have produced effects which now would be attempted in vain. The exercises of the gymnasium, in which the greater part of the youth of this people was spent, were all conducted by music: their war dances, their wrestlings, their sham fights, were all performed to the sound of musical instruments. These exercises were the representations of the scenes they afterwards engaged in. Need we then be surprised at the strong associations that would thus be produced between certain airs and actions, producing, when those airs were executed by a *master*, the most extravagant actions?

Almost all savage nations have their songs of war and peace. I once heard thirty chiefs of the Creek nation sing their war song. It consisted, as nearly as I can remember, of three notes. † It was with difficulty I could resist laughing at the sight of thirty grave men producing the most unmusical tones imaginable, by way of concert. To them, however, it doubtless recalled all the horrors and stratagems of war they had ever beheld. To them, therefore, it was an awful and warlike air; to us, who could associate none of their ideas with it, it was disagreeable and ridiculous.

Does it then solely depend on the ideas we associate with an air, to constitute it grave or gay, solemn or ridiculous? Is it the circum-

THE HEROIC BOWMAN guards a rugged, snow-
 covered cliff to climb his mountain cliffs no more.
 If chance he hears that song he'll stand on the
 White on these cliffs his heart has been made
 Held at the long last scene that round him rise,
 And strike a martyr to repentant skies.

† Rousseau, to demonstrate how far his ideas of the powers of simple melody might be carried in practice, composed an air, which has been much admired, but which also contains only three notes; but how differently are they combined!

stances under which we hear it executed, or the words with which we hear it accompanied, that establish altogether what emotions it is to excite us? Certainly not. There are some *pieces* of music which we may hear under circumstances perfectly indifferent, and unaccompanied by words, and yet they will excite or depress our spirits, dispose us to sadness or joy. How then are these sensations produced? We know not. I will, however, risk a few remarks on them. I mean not to attempt a theory of our musical sensations: all I mean to do is to throw out a few musical conjectures.

Every person who has attended to the modulations of the voices of people under the influence of various passions and emotions, must have observed their variety, and the marked characters of each. In anger, we utter our words with rapidity, and the voice passes from the graver to the more acute, and from thence back to the graver sounds, with the most astonishing celerity. We scarcely utter any two syllables with the same acuteness, and all these changes too are performed by *starts*. Under the influence of sorrow or pity, on the contrary, we utter our words slowly, the voice rests for a considerable time on the same note, and when we do change it, it is either for one not far distant, or, if distant, to which we arrive by regularly ascending or descending. Under the influence of anger, too, we generally speak loud : and under that of sorrow, low.

These characteristics are so strongly marked, that we generally pay almost as much attention to the manner in which a sentence is delivered, as to the words of which it is composed, to determine exactly what the speaker means. Nay, we are even by them enabled to determine when a person is under the influence of these emotions, if we hear him speak in a language which we do not understand, and without our being able to distinguish his countenance or gesticulations. Such a man, however, could convey no other ideas to us than could be conveyed by a musical instrument, that would be capable of affording an infinite variety of tones and notes. The articulate sounds he utters, convey no more meaning than inarticulate ones. If they were therefore noted down and played on such an instrument, we could not distinguish them from the speech of such a man. This instrument would, in fact, yield articulate sounds. But no such instrument exists. All the instruments we possess, are but capable of producing, *with certainty*, a definite number of tones and notes. If all the sounds he uttered were reduced to those, as near as possible, and performed on an instrument, they would be similar enough to commence a chain of associated ideas that would lead to the same ideas the man's speech did.

When we wish to express solemn ideas, we speak slowly, distinctly, swell our words, and make transitions with regularity. If on the other hand our ideas are gay, we speak rapidly, run our words together, and make quick transitions in our modulation. If then, the musician adjust his sounds in these two ways, he will, in one case, excite by association solemn ideas, and in the other, gay ones.

These are a few loose hints on the origin of the association of certain combinations of musical sounds with certain ideas. The limits of an essay will not permit me to enter on the application of them. If they are thought

worthy of consideration, this would be easily done. Still, however, I think it possible that all our ideas from music may originate, in those cases where they do not arise from accompanying words or circumstances, from the similarity of this combination of sounds to some other with which we have thus associated a certain train of ideas.

(For the Saturday Press.)

SHINGLES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

SELECTED BY SOLON.

CHURCH-ORGANISTS.

Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop.
Othello. Act 2, Sc. 3.

NEGROES.

The pale companion is not for our Pomp.
Midsummer Night's Dream. Act 1, Sc. 1.

HARVARD & YALE.

Good words are better than bad strokes.
Julius Caesar. Act 5, Sc. 1.

BANKING-HOUSES.

The Nature of bad news infects the teller.
Antony & Cleopatra. Act 2, Sc. 7.

SEXTONS.

'Tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow.
Much Ado, Act 5, Sc. 1.

Two things there are which you may safely say
When with your friend you meet: "It's a fine day,"
And "How do you do?" The news to ask a tell
You may too venture, should you know him well.
Each further word is dangerous, if you'd sleep
Soundly at night, and dear friends dear friends keep

SECOND THOUGHTS.

By a shallow, purling streamlet,
Sat a lovely maiden, weeping :
" Men are false ; I always thought so ;
Now, alas ! at last I know it.

"Break, tough heart; why throb on longer,
Mocked, forsaken, and despairing?
In this brook here I would drown me,
Were there but enough of water."

By a deep and rapid river,
Next day sits the weeping maiden ;
Eyes the flood a while, then shuddering,
Rises, and away walks slowly :—

"Men are false; I always thought so;
Now, alas! at last I know it;
Next time that a man deceives me,
I'll know where to find deep water."

(From the Atlantic Monthly for September.)

ON A PAIR OF OLD SHOES.

What a vulgar subject?—By no means, my dear Madam! On the contrary, a most delightful, free and easy, suggestive topic. When the old philosopher enumerated the best old things to burn, drink, etc., he should have specially mentioned old shoes to wear.—John, take away these heavy boots, and bring me my slippers,—my old, loose, easy, comfortable slippers.—There! They are not handsome, I grant you, Madam. But beauty is only skin-deep, you know; and when we talk of tanned skin, I assure you its beauty often conceals unloveliness beneath. They are broad and large,—yes, this foot of mine, which is not particularly handsome in any case, does not look attractive in the old slippers, I acknowledge. Ball would never ask me to sit for a model, nor would Hunt ever wish to paint my pedal proportions, should either see me thus. But—think of the luxury!

—My dear Madam, please to put out that elegant little foot of yours,—only the foot,—just as it looks, when you take your afternoon promenade, and all the world admires its beauty. Thank you! What a bewitching little thing it is! How that snug little boot fits it like a glove! Why do you shrink so? I scarcely touched it. Oh, it pinches! I should never dream it; it looks faultless. Is it possible, that, as you sail along with flowing skirts, the very object which the world admires is the source of exquisite pain? When Frank used to greet you with an elaborate bow, could it be that the charming smile you returned was half grimace, as you leaned somewhat carelessly on that narrow sole? I can't tell where it pinches; but were I permitted to see the soft, tender flesh—You would never permit it? And so you go along, gracefully holding up those snowy skirts, and showing to the world the lovely outside, while you inwardly wince and groan over every pebble. Don't you go home, Madam, and hasten to get off that instrument of torture, and luxuriate in the freedom you obtain thereby? Now Ball and Hunt, when they see those charming little booted beauties, would be enraptured to reproduce them in marble and oils. Yet, after all, are not my old splay-footed slippers much more desirable affairs?—No?—You are willing to endure the pain, because of the looks. Thank your stars, my dear Madam, that you have the choice, and that, when you get into that nice little boudoir, you can exchange the suffering of show for the comfort of privacy. Did Frank ever know how they pinched? Didn't he think, that, when you unlaced them, there came out a tiny, comely foot, as plump and fair as a baby's? Frank never knew—till after the wedding—what a squeezing and pinching and doubling and twisting they had undergone, when they were peeping out under the flounces for his special eye. Do you ever wish that you had worn something which had disgusted Frank at the outset? If so, my dear Madam, I wouldn't exchange my old splay slippers for those No. Twos of yours.

Ah, we bear many sorts of coverings over the long and weary road of life! I know of a pair of tiny shoes which you have got carefully treasured up in secret. I know how you sometimes take them out and wistfully gaze on the faded, worn, unlovely little things,—worthless to everybody else, but, O, so dear to you! I see the trembling tear which you do not care to wipe away, as the image of the little darling who wore them comes up in all its by-gone beauty before you. They will never again be borne toddling to your side. The little feet, once encased therein, will never tread the stony walks of men. They long ago rested on their early march, never to be resumed.—Ah, how many of us would be glad to have buckled on no other than the first sandals of infancy! How many have fallen into the crevasses of the icy paths they trod! How many have trusted to their bold footing, and fallen, when the step seemed surest, down the treacherous steep.

There is Mademoiselle, Joliejambe;—would one suppose that the pink slippers, which terminate those silk-shod *mollets*, could be dangerous *chaussures*? My dear Madam, they are worse than the torturing boots of the old Spanish Inquisition. Better for her that she stood in a postillion's jack-boots.—She could

never dance in such things? No! and therefore were they the better; for no Swiss glacier is so slippery as that gas-lighted stage. She is slipping, Madam, into a terrible abyss, while you and I are gazing, delighted, at her entrechats and pirouettes. She is gliding into a crevasse to which Mont Blanc can furnish none so dread.—What do I mean?—Ah, my dear Madam, better, a thousand times, that her young mother had stored away the soft little shoes of her infancy to mourn over, as you do over your treasures, than have lived to see her tie on those satin things, which have borne her into the gaze of men for a brief, brilliant while, and are bearing her on into the flower-brinked snare of ruin!

There is Vanitas over the way;—he once wore just such pigmy affairs. See him walking down the street, treading with a dignified stride, as though he moved a foot above the vulgar pavement. See that poor, tattered wretch approaching. Down goes his coarse heel, crunch, upon the aristocratic toes of our friend; and observe how Vanitas writhes and limps, as the sudden contact with the lower animal has crushed all his pride and dignity out of him. How gladly would he exchange his costly models of modern skill for the sabots of the meanest peasant! Doesn't he carry those twinges around with him all day, and moralize—if Vanitas is capable of moralizing—upon the danger of fashionable, private corns being trodden on by low, vulgar gar cowhide? Now if Vanitas had not cultivated those excrement sensibilities by assiduous compression, if he had thought more of big brains than little feet, his tattered, cowhided friend might have trodden harmlessly on his pedal phalanges. My dear Madam, see to it that Frank groweth not such poor grain. Cowhide is a most useful material, and does much for the world. It treads in the mire, that you and I may walk in cleanliness. It stands in the sodden highway and builds up the dry pathway. It kicks aside the rolling stone, that we may not strike our satined step thereon and fall thereby. Those No. Twos of yours would present but a sorry sight, and the tender charms they cover would be sadly torn and bruised, were it not for the path that it treads out before them. While I sit comfortably in my old slippers, and while you trip gracefully along in those laced beauties, poor, vulgar, soiled cowhide is wearily plodding over the rough, unbroken earth, and knows neither my rest nor your pleasure. I will never look angrily, should I chance to feel its weight. And, Madam, do you look kindly and smilingly—and that costs you nothing, I am sure, *without* you are a Vanitas in petticoats—on its plain and homely worth.

Yes, we progressively advanced through many pedal changes. Master Tommy—with more fortunate parents than you, Madam, for he has worn out many a pair of infantine soles (a bushel, I should think, by the frequency with which Mrs. Asmodeus has insisted on the necessity of a new pair, each one more costly)—now sports his first boots. Even as I now write comes the noisy stamp of those pegged soles in the passage-way, to which I have banished the overproud urchin. It sounds like a man, he says. Why, Grant, when he entered Vicksburg,—and I can imagine no more glowing pride than that

hero might have felt on that occasion,—never felt so proud as that same Master Tommy does at this moment, tramping up and down outside my door.—Mrs. A., do take off these glories forthwith, or your first-born will fall before his time by the same sin that the angels did in early days; and I know you think him above all the angels of heaven. By-and-by Mercury will drop his fluttering pinions, and, when bereft of their buoyant aid, his step will be heavy and slow. Those winged messengers of delight will be leaden weights on his weary way. When youth and hope, which have borne him so lightly over the rugged earth, shall have lost their plumage, he will stumble at every pebble, and welcome the decline of life's hill-side, which assists his tardy steps.—Who is Mercury?—Dear Mrs. A., 'tis only a name for our Tommy, not bestowed by the clergyman who officiated at his baptism.

You thought my subject a very vulgar one. Why, Madam, as it opens upon me, I see all the hopes, dreams, fears, cares, and joys of life passing before me. Do you remember those wedding-slippers of yours? They were quite unlike these slipshod things I have perched on the chair before me. When you fitted them on so joyously, and prepared for the journey for which they were put on,—so short, (from your chamber to your parlor,) and yet so long, (from your blooming youth to your wrinkled age,)—did you think they would last the distance through? They were long ago thrown by. You may have them yet. Some people love to garner up and cherish mementos of the dead; and dead enough are the tremulous flutterings they then upbore. Long ago buried were the gay-tinted visions of those first days of the journey. Bring them out now, and let us look at them.—Is it possible that you ever thought those old-fashioned things pretty? Can it be that those dingy, shapeless affairs could have borne you up to the empyrean? My dear Madam, they went with you to the upper circle of joy. Dante must have described just such in some unpublished canto; and Milton has certainly some account of them in "Paradise Lost." Frank thought them the loveliest things he ever beheld, and would kiss them as religiously as ever ardent Catholic did the Papal toe; and now!—Well, put them away. It doesn't do to examine too closely the relics of departed joys. They have a sad, old-time, faded, shrunken look. They belong to the past, when they had a reality and meaning. Now they are strange and quaint, and the young folks laugh at them. What do they know of the sweet faces, the warm hearts, the dear eyes, that they have outlived, but of which they yet serve as tender memorials? Put them away? Perhaps we have ourselves outlived the wild emotions, the throbbing joys, the rosy dreams they served to cherish. Perhaps they darken the gloom that has settled over the days since the time when they had a part in the changing scene.—We are talking about your wedding-shoes, among other things, Madam. Is it worth while to put them back again?—Well, give them to Bridget. They have yet a value to her; and I don't believe Frank will care.

For heaven's sake, Mrs. A.—, what is the matter? I will not be disturbed by such out-

cries, even from your first-born angel. His boots hurt him. Come here, little Tommy, and show me the wound that the naughty peg has made. Ah, my dear boy, have you found out so soon that every new delight hides somewhere a new pain? Where is the peg? There! I have smoothed it away. The parental hand, can, as yet, remove from your steps the sharp points which would tear your tender flesh. By-and-by it will be powerless for your protection, and the pegs that prick and tear must be crushed out by your own unaided exertions. See to it, my boy, that you do not drive them in yourself, so firmly, so rootedly, that all your efforts to dull them, to break them, to destroy them are in vain. Do you think that the cobbler alone puts trenchant points in your sole? Ah, my boy, we oftener plant ourselves the thorns we tread upon. He can readily remove the pain he has carelessly caused; but rasp and file can never dull those self-driven points which rankle in our tortured flesh, each onward step forcing them deeper and deeper in. There are roses in our paths—sweet, blushing roses—and we stride over them, intoxicated with their beauty and order; we crush out their fragrance with our heedless tread; we drink in the exciting aroma that rises around our bewildered senses; and when we have passed on, and awoken from the inebriation, we find that their thorns have pierced through and through, and we limp along on our journey, which permits of no tarrying nor rest. Who has not some peg pricking in his sole? How many times has Crispin rubbed and rasped over it, and yet there it is, as sharp as though it were just driven in! Confound the cursed thing! Bring me another pair; and now I will step off manfully and free. Hang the fellow, what does he mean? Here it is again, in the same place, and sharp as ever. Ah, Crispin's hammer will never flatten it out! Crispin's hand never drove it there. Satin and velvet you may wear, and line with softest down; yet every step you tread will be on that remorseless point; and the lacerated nerves must quiver to the last. You don't know what I am talking about, Tommy? Pray God, my darling, that you may ever wonder what your father meant, when you were pricked with the peg in your first boots!

My dear Madam, did you ever see Blondin disport himself on a tight rope? I once saw him poised over the Niagara rapids; and I wondered how he could stand there, with the boiling abyss below him, as safe as I stood on the Suspension-bridge. Well, it was chalk, madam. Before he commenced his perilous journey, he chalked well his pliant sole. I can assure you that many a fall may be saved us in this world, if we look to it that our souls be well chalked. I should not, of course, allude to any sudden slips that you or I may have made on our treacherous road; we have, of course, recovered our equilibrium. But some soles are very apt to give way. They used to scratch them, in my infancy, to insure uprightness in the wearer. But the maternal scissor-points are not always at hand. The basket has long been put religiously by, and the busy fingers that once used it have ceased to be plied for our comfort and convenience. Still we must cross the dangerous way, and with untried steps. What is Blondin's rope to the narrow, uncertain bridge which ever

and anon appears before us in the road of life? What are the yeasty waters of that green river to the deep and dark tide which awaits our fall from the single strand that spans it? The audience of the world is looking on at our passage, and few among them care for our danger or are interested in our success. Yet there are some. Some hearts are beating high; some tearful eyes are strained to watch our progress; some breaths come quickly as we move on; and some fervent prayers are passionately offered up for our safety. We cannot broaden the bridge; it hangs poised by the hand of destiny from shore to shore; alone and unsupported must we cross, and the shades of night gather around before we reach the friendly foothold beyond. We dare not look back, we cannot turn back; we must go on, and never tarry an instant. Let us chalk our soles well, then, madam, and show to others more timid, more thoughtless, that the frail pathway may be securely trod. Nay, more, let us hew out the pure, white, friendly rock we know of, and make surer the unworn, unfamiliar, unexperienced soles of our brethren with it, that they may travel on, erect and fearless. Let us throw the old shoe after them, that good luck may attend their way.

Ah, we are multifariously shod for the journey of life! The soft step on the nursery floor, the joyous bound of the youth's playground, the proud step of self-supporting manhood, the careful tread of timid age—all have their fitting support. Some glide with slippered lightness through the boudoirs of beauty; while others press the spurred boot in furious battle. Some saunter along the flowery walks of rural ease; while others climb, with iron-shod foot, the bold, bare, icy precipice. Some tread, forever, the beaten paths of home; while others print their feet upon the untrodden wilds of distant lands.

What a journey my old slippers have taken me; though they have never been off their perch on the chair before me. Ah, madam, let us hope, that when we have left them, with all our earthly garb, behind, and they lie in corners, never to be worn by us again, we may soar above the dark, devious ways of mortal life, may sweep on angel wings through the sun-lit ether, roam stainless and free through the eternal halls of light, and tread with unclad feet the purple clouds of heaven!

BEN WOOD has resumed the editorial charge of the DAILY NEWS, and commences his new career with the startling announcement that "the war is not ended" and that he puts his name at the head of his paper again in token that he means to fight it out. Who will say, after this, that "Don Quixote" is a satire? It was a cruel day for Ben when Lee surrendered, as the valiant editor's occupation was apparently gone. What tears he shed on being forced into retracy and inaction is known only to the sea. But now he "scents the battle from afar off" and is himself again. Would that we had a Gustav Doré among us, to depict and immortalize him. We respectfully suggest the subject to MRS. GRUNDY. Don Benjamin mounted on his favorite hobby-horse and attacking some inoffensive old windmill would be a subject to inspire any artist in the land.

IDIOCY ON THE RAMPAGE.

An unfortunate verse-monger, whose wares were properly treated and stamped some time ago, by Mr. WINTER, the clever and conscientious critic of the ALBION and the WEEKLY REVIEW, has been taking his revenge "ever since," by printing lampoons against the said critic and circulating them, at no little expense, among his brother unfortunates. We re-printed one of these documents on a former occasion, and are now tempted to reprint another because it gives such an admirable specimen of the author's style and quality of verse. Just read it

A "WINTER" LYRIC.

"Auf einem groben Klotz ein dicker Kell."—GOTTEN.

The' modern nostrum-venders without number
Draw golden sun-beams from the raw cucumber.
Their necromancy culminates in "Winter;"
He from the sunbeam can extract the splinter!

TUTTI:

Hail, "Winter!"—reign, the bard's Parnassian tinter!
Oh! vulgar ears, expand—expand—
That ye may learn to understand
The Oracles of "Winter!"—
Of cricket critic "Winter!"

Welcome, glad Spring, bright Summer, mellow Fall—
With open heart and hearth we greet ye all.
Who, dismal "Winter," doth thee welcome bring?
The hooting owl!—it shall thy requiem sing:

TUTTI:

"Too hoot—too hoot!" (Repeat the echoes, printer).
Oh! vulgar ears, expand—expand—
That ye may rightly understand
The requiem of "Winter!"—
Of owl-lamented "Winter."

Then go, grim spectre! haunt our walks no more!
Bright cheer and faggot warn thee from our door!
"Get thee behind," thou reputation stinter!
"Faugh!" loud guffaw, to fee-fu-fum-bling "Winter."

TUTTI:

Bind straws, scatter dry leaves, when him we inter.
Oh! vulgar ears, expand—expand—
That ye the bleat may understand
Of lamb-lam-pooping "Winter!"—
Of owl-lamented "Winter."

WINTER:

Type against Type! If there were more of you, we would give you an epitaph in a book; but you "ain't worth shocks!" "Seek not the poet's reputation by the critic's mouth." J. W. M.

We could tell the reader who "J. W. M." is, if we would, but we are not quite cruel enough.

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LANCASTER, Ohio, July 31, 1865.

C. B. RICHARDSON, Esq.,

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